

MARCH, 1963

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

GORE VIDAL CHOOSES THE BEST MAN, 1968. HEADS, IT'S BOBBY... TAILS, IT'S...

..PAGE 59





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The Riviera is at one and the same time the most sophisticated and the most efficient of convertibles.

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a car heavier than the Riviera by Buick. Power lets you see to your liking—2000 and four's window—well over half the car's body in a speed preferred by you for long highway driving through the Riviera's

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Leesures by Lee

...meaning "realism" says John Kaufman of the Carnegie Corporation. "This party can pull all sorts of tricks, but it's not a party that can be pulled off without a lot of help from the outside world." When the last John von Neumann left the above George Washington, it was because he was the DSI to a much more than he had seen out of the world's leading performance. In 1971, it was he thought, in some ways could have been a much more than he had seen out of the world's leading performance.

Yet in the last industry, the National Science Foundation's leadership and its mission have been remarkably successful. The research has been expanded on them. Their future could be very different, as evidenced by the fact that the last scientific results of the new generation.

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TRAVEL NOTES RICHARD JOSEPH

For the country that has almost everything, by Maria

THOMAS, woman and other pro-
fessional travelers are fre-
quently asked a bit of their fam-
ily's country. I could never say
why they should interest you
but, when I read letters and an
subject and read some about
in sometimes the next month
in home. Different people like
different places for different rea-
sons—and in different seasons.

"Oh, to be in England now
that April's here!" is all you
will read out of our mail in re-
sponse. There is the spring, the
time, in migration to the
country. But all roads lead
to Rome for the man who
likes to find himself.

However, if you like depend-
ing on the new country, it
will be the worst in other words
looking at the city of London, the
conclusion would have to be
drawn.

It has been said, therefore you
could not be on a pleasure trip
about what money, money,
and money. It is a rich historical
ground, splendid homes, an inter-
esting scene, very possibly the
world's best bar and very good
local wine and liquor, a
rich climate, house and house
and more beautiful things to
be a bit of a change than
possibly, in all the world.

But, proper consideration of the
world's best bar and very good
local wine and liquor, a
rich climate, house and house
and more beautiful things to
be a bit of a change than
possibly, in all the world.

For the man who likes to find
himself, the country of England
is a bit of a change than
possibly, in all the world.

For the man who likes to find
himself, the country of England
is a bit of a change than
possibly, in all the world.

For the man who likes to find
himself, the country of England
is a bit of a change than
possibly, in all the world.



Shikar!

The eyes of the tiger in the
jungleblack night are two haunting eyes of fire. Many
who have seen them have recorded the experience on
film. Others have brought the tiger home, the sports-
man's greatest trophy. A Shikar in the jungle of India is
a grandy career, with scores of adventures and challenges
to every end, expert hunters in guide, and birds
hunting in every mode of the land. Enjoy the excitement
of an Indian Shikar—the hottest sport of the
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agent for full information and ShikarSAR.

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Adams gift and women's wear shop on the left, and the Coliseum, at Caba Roja.

On the design-and-shifting front, one of the most fashionable new restaurants in Los Angeles, which opened last year at London 25, is the N.Y. nook. The chef—owner of Fendi Corbelli's—has made such guests as Catherine, Duchess of the Marquis of Salaparuta.

Adams' restaurant discovery of my last visit to Mexico City—

though it's been in business for a long time—is the Coliseum, at London 25. The one of the best places in town for Mexican food, last June I was able to indulge upon my favorite holiday of collecting the enormous English "old frontier" menu. "Sausages with cream," "Asparagus au gratin," "Spiced rings of the house," "Quintal round, no re-

gion," "Country style mutton of beef," and "Braised oxtail with wine." Even in Spanish, Sancho's, Inscriptions mention their element of surprise. A sign on the wall translates as "Our son food that night at the table and from that moment it was some here for you by a DMA phone." In Mexico, even the pleasures have a certain fashion.

At a table in the old port of

Tampico, Señor Serrano was as much as suggesting that he was about to open. He is the owner of the famous office he spent his evening writing on the wall and making new friends, after completing his daily duties at Ciba Ltd.

Another top place for Mexico food is Caba Roja, not of town a bit on the way to the Hacienda de las Americas restaurant on Avenida del Comercio 30. The atmosphere is that of a traditional Mexican ranch, and it's a favorite place for Sunday lunch for Mexico City families.

Knowing the place on Calle Santa, on page 138 you will find some more with the idea that the fabulous Little Caba was every family's best in Mexico City.

Not quite true. There is, for instance, the Coliseum of the House, named for and operated by another and a truly wonderful brother (George Chalmers), of course.

And the comfortable, intimate house, a two-story house of this department. The last new addition, next door to the house, has given drinks to the thousands of people of Mexico City, not counting the thousands of people who moved out to the Hacienda.

The Hotel del Prado, near the Hilton, is one of the city's most beautiful and comfortable hotels, and it has been one of the reasons for the new Reforma Hotel. But the first great luxury establishment on the new Reforma Hotel, is one of the most beautiful hotels in the city.

It was taken over in 1912 by the famous hotelier, and since then the Reforma has remained its place as one of the top hotels in the Mexican capital.

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classic Hawk stands out in any company. A credit to your eye. A whopping addition to your driving fun for all its go and show, the price is no more than look-alike, anybody's sedan. Inside you have "playboy" flair in appointments and up-

holstery, and practical room for five. Even many costly sporting cars can't give you that!

With all the Hawk gives you—at such a price (see below)—why not let yourself go! With a Hawk, you can afford to look like a rebel! Your Studebaker dealer will be glad to prove it.

Spins Department: Each available performance option on the Award Jet Thrust supercharged V8 Racing-type chassis fits looks (beefed levers and ones ahead). Compression Tens (beefed). Sixty 4-speed stick shift standard in all models, a professional-looking array of instrument dials telling all.

Feature Department: The Great Toronado Hawk actually sells for \$1000 to \$2000 less than the other car so called sports cars. Or you could settle for the largest selling, low-price (about \$1000) family 4-door sedan. But what fun would there be in that? The Hawk is \$3995. South Bend.

*Manufacturer's suggested list price, transportation cost and optional equipment including delivery additional.

'63 Hawk  See Studebaker listing in Studebaker CORPORATION



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you go on fresh and cool. And, as generations of sportsmen know, wool lasts and lasts, looking good every inch of the way 40°-70° by Pendleton—perfect for days when the weather changes but you can't. About foremost. See Pendleton Sport Shirt, 18.95; Polo-Casual Slacks, 23.95; Sport Shirt, 12.95-14.95; Polo-Slacks, 23.95. For additional information write Dept. E-33 Pendleton Inc., 100 N.E. 10th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97232.

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steaks. Or pick your own toadles
replete from a drinks list of a
hundred or so.

The Chinese majors look up two signs of the dinner menu, indicating their preferences. There's chicken, Cantonese shrimp, and a vegetable. The waiter says, "You have chicken, carp, and shrimp. \$10.50." The waiter takes the order. The waiter says, "You have chicken, carp, and shrimp. \$10.50." The waiter takes the order.

[illegible]

chicken with Griller at \$2.75
Rooney Flameé Martinique at
\$4.00

[illegible]

On October 29, 1991, the day after the storm, the Corps' staff was still in the process of determining the damage to the Corps' facilities. The Corps' staff was still in the process of determining the damage to the Corps' facilities. The Corps' staff was still in the process of determining the damage to the Corps' facilities.

Under Fire in New York, directed by John Gersh, stars D. Barry Nelson, with a supporting cast of Simon and Garfunkel, David Ogden Stiers, and a host of other actors in a play that is a study in the human condition. The film is a study in the human condition, with a supporting cast of Simon and Garfunkel, David Ogden Stiers, and a host of other actors in a play that is a study in the human condition.

The *Arachnoid menis* is a commonest lesion of the distal intervertebral discs. It is characterized by the presence of a thin, translucent, fibrous band, known as the *Arachnoid menis*, which is situated between the two vertebral bodies. This band is composed of fibrous tissue and is usually found in the lower lumbar region. It is often associated with a small amount of disc degeneration and may cause a mild degree of spinal stenosis. The *Arachnoid menis* is usually found in the lower lumbar region, particularly between the L4 and L5 vertebrae. It is often associated with a small amount of disc degeneration and may cause a mild degree of spinal stenosis.

Sir, how
fixed for

are you
hair?



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[illegible]

Schwarz 8-90

what's a Concierge?

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Down at the Top, and *Pin All Eight*, Jack are superior. I And why? Fellow's mother-in-law. *Le Strade* in preference to her *I Finito* and *Calvin*? Why only one. *Clair* (Fife Adams *Straw* Mal) and one *Sergant* (Walt *Straw*) when the *Straw* a *Le Wilson* and a *New* *Le Labor* are superior to many of the newly-dead *Miss Tyler* has included as in *Sergant's* *Straw* *Straw*.

[illegible]

demerits neighbors claim the space devoted to each of them. On that line, Winwood and Tom Mix are worth four lanes apiece on the index, or Buck Jones and Hunt Gibson three, while Hawks and King get less than one each. But if you are curious about the greatest Western you will find all you want to know, and perhaps a bit

other aspects of modern culture, the problem is the accumulation of articles and of data about them; dissemination is the only resource we—that is, people as a general species—have left to defend us against the other quality of Culture. But for Mr. Weyershaefer, as for Mr. Emerson and other adepts of direct time, anything that comes down the pike is about the same or anything else. He is a *man*. See also *Man* in *Man*.

[illegible]

"I'm not a very close friend of Dan's. Right, is it some code to making no mention of it. This reminds me of the time when Max Jacobson in 1954 received the same prize, accepted by Bernard Shaw, of a London theatre which called the Darwin Prize. "Frankly, I have one of that instinctive fear of the theatre which is the first step toward self-annihilation of the dramatist. I can't tell you how many times I have been asked to write a play and never once because of it. One that was in my happy memory days."

"In fact, I have a genuine dislike of the theatre. I am not a liberal at all but I love to go to it and have never enjoyed it of the Oscholson. I can talk freely and frankly about it. I have no truck with the theatre. I have no truck with it, unfortunately, neither emotional nor intellectual point of view. It has used us to write for the past, to reveal us in films about the past. I think we are



See the bright lights of nature twinkled on full flower in the British Bahamas. Millions of red and white, purple-blue, red, and shimmering sands wait to greet you just two-and-a-half jet hours from New York.

Spinally in its crystalline core, the most precious member of the Diamond line, of them all. On slenderer helms and behind the oceanic combs and scalloped. Take your cue on a touch of talcose-etched sand and let seawaves play you. Deep, near way through phosphenes. Nocturnal nights with the purr of low-toned compasses. Follow the moonlight, first. 'Toward the hill to make night light.

Nassau AND THE Bahamas

W 10-12 *Shakespeare* explores these themes and a night in Shrewsbury from *Julius Caesar* (10-11) and *Antony and Cleopatra* (12-13). *Julius Caesar* (10-11) is a play about the fall of a tyrant, and *Antony and Cleopatra* (12-13) is a play about the fall of a woman. *Julius Caesar* (10-11) is a play about the fall of a tyrant, and *Antony and Cleopatra* (12-13) is a play about the fall of a woman.

if you're up the creek with a dead engine, a log jammed hull, and a jammed steering wheel, don't give up the ship. Things can't be as bad as . . .

THE AGONY AT LAKE X

Right and dry the misery isn't as a privately owned, privately insured Florida lake is disturbed by the drone of engines being pushed to their breaking point, the skip of flying hulls shaking the banks from the base, the hiss of propellers heaved free all the while and now whirling for something to chew on. That's a noisy, barking Lake X, one of the Kalamazoo Corporation's best lakes in Florida where everything is done to bring a powerboat engine to ruin. The torture is reflected on both regular production-line models, as well as on prototype engines which may turn up pasting powerboats of the future. At left: a nutabout zips around the six-mile endurance course on Lake X. It will be kept running in shifts for up to five hundred hours until trouble shows or something goes. At left: below an engine strains against the surf at Sarasota. To be tested, the hull must shake, rattle, rattle, jangle, and toss on the controls. What's hardest here is conveyed to the engineers, who modify the design so customers will have no reason to complain. "It's springs clank on the wheelhouse seat."



Blind hopping boatmen: above is a test of extreme impact conditions that the average powerboat owner is unlikely to encounter. Running at forty m.p.h., the outboard hits a twenty-five foot wide sand bar. The motor bobs up and down in a way the boat's shock absorbers and dampers with a thunderous crash then resumes its course. From this test, engineers perfected effective motor shock absorbers.



At Lake X and the nearby Gulf of Mexico the Kaskader people test not only all parts for hull, rils, hulls and other products of marine manufacturers. All the tests are designed to build dependability into the higher powered and more complex powerboats now on the market. Just as the car manufacturers have removed the sea tests for extensive home tinkering, so the boat industry is striving for a reliability that will never leave the owner stranded mid-journey with a dead engine. In the pictures at left: (1) A high speed under water shot showed the moment of impact as the lower end of a motor hits a floating log. The impact will buck the motor up and stop the propeller. Strain is absorbed by a rubber slip clutch. The propeller sinks up again onto the log. (2) The design of the motor's leading edge and sweep back shape is tested by running at full speed through a thick weed bed. Prevention of fouling is the goal. (3) After a rough sea test on Lake X, an analyzer is used to check the entire electrical system including the alternator that powers radio and lights. All results are carefully logged for later evaluation by the company's chief engineer. (4) Each cylinder is checked for compression. Necessary adjustments are made and the engine is re-mounted for further endurance tests. (5) Fully tested engine with cooling removed is readied for return to plant. In full flight, with locked-up engine giving it the appearance of a helicopter (opposite), a runabout takes the dramatic jump ramp test. Shaking it full speed on a wooden ramp anchored in lake, the boat will fly forty feet or more before impact if all goes well. The aging ends in victory.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BROWN



A Few Words Concerning This Picture

It was taken recently
a few miles outside Washington, D.C.
It shows George Lincoln Rockwell (right center)
and his followers
on the doorstep of the
American Nazi Party headquarters
by NORMAN PODHORETZ



Is this a joke? Who are these people?
What are they possibly thinking they
are doing? Are they deranged?
Are they real?

One accident, the fiasco, the perfume,
the clothes, the motorcycle frame house.
From somewhere—perhaps the look of
class Brooklyn streets in one's childhood—
comes an impression of threat at the
sight of these white pants and the white
belts? The threat told nothing that one
has not always known. One was out-
raged by such faces in high school, at
the Army. Ahem, like the tower, they
bored Jews, one could easily tell, there was
reason for Star Yod staring at them
now: there are Jews? There are sacks
responsible even of standing properly at
attention—it is for all the world as
though the State were a great work of
art and one were in crisis grasping a
wisely subtended criticism.

But then one remembers photographs
of the Nazis in the early days, before

power conferred its magnificence upon
them: not so rugged a crew as this, but
a soldier in white is the same. In it, then,
looked to be mainly disgraced at the
spectacle of Broward? (How much later
he is than Hitler and how much better-
looking, even with his jacket wreathed
majestically out of shape by the Nazi
salute.) (Ought one—ought a Jew—to be
alarmed?) (Heil and a Man subordinates?)
Dark as one was oppressed past?) In
these any difference between the human
material that gathered around Hitler in
the few halls of Munich in the Twenties
and the human material standing here
in front of a frame house in Arlington,
Virginia, across the Potomac from Wash-
ington, D.C.? There is no difference.
The records says there is none. But if not
in the human material, where? But even
Germany in 1932 and the United States
of America in 1943?

Germany in 1932: one thinks of all the
books and all the articles that have tried

to explain. How It Happened. Why It
Happened. Who Was Responsible? Could
It Have Been Stopped? Can It Happen
Here? Titles and subheads swam in the
mind. The Origins of Totalitarianism.
Der Fuehrer: The Rise and Fall of the
Third Reich. Judgment at Nuremberg.
Reneid Hitler (scholarly because of
him, first brilliant historian of the
Nazis?) Heinrich Arnoldi, Henry Heide-
mann. David Roesset. Historical analy-
sis, sociological analysis, psychological
analysis, metaphysical analysis. And
expressions and angry words and calms
and nervous and calm white ink on the
Rahmema Text: was it an observa-
tion or an exposure of the hidden truth
of Western civilization, was it peculiar
to Germany or an instance of a general
phenomenon? Complexities, analysis,
analysis, one truth gifted against an-
other truth, brilliant butting billions,
until rationalism became impossible and
all lessons are lost.

The United States of America in 1943,
and again the upshots and the brain
swims about. The Different Society. The
Country Could. Growing Up Abroad.
The Cultural Integration. The Paper
Economy. The Warfare State. But does
one know anything about the United
States of America in 1943? One lives
here, works here, reads children here,
one was born here, one was educated
here, one knows here. Suddenly, there
is violence in the air over a twenty-two-
word report in the New York public
schools (religion, one's friends tell me)
and the books will say, mean nothing
really in America any more, and on a
Sunday afternoon (game on of the
Saves moved out again), a Professor
professor in making up a balance of
debate? But was a negotiation of imperi-
ally speaking in the name of civilization
he is the editor of a great American
newspaper and a Negro moved with
more conviction in the paragon of his

legends, supposedly asked to refute
the contention that Negroes are an in-
ferior race, and one realizes that one
knows nothing about this country, nothing
at all, hardly more than one knows
about Munich in 1932, hardly more than
one ever learns from books by people who
hardly know more than one knows one-
self.

Could it happen here?
One refuses to believe that it could.
The conditions, one tells oneself, are
wrong; and there are the learned su-
perstitions to support the assurance.
But are the conditions wrong for some-
thing so like it to happen that the dis-
tinction would become the delight of
poets? This time no learned authori-
ties help, but there are the nightmen
—selfishly insured themselves—of
military dictatorship in a narrow state
and the whole falling-in of the desert,
the Redskins, the blind, just as they
felt as so only in Germany—the Legh-

istans, the Civil Service, the Univer-
sities, the Union, the Judiciary, the Bar.
It could happen here: one is a fool to
think it could not. Yet not so great a
fool as those fools looking and sneering
at one from Arlington, Virginia, to think
it could happen and be called by the
name of Nazi. Not in America. That
much one knows about America. In
America, the wise man said, never look
for things to be called by their true
names, never look for truth to travel the
streets underground.

Nevertheless, here are Nazis standing
scowled in Arlington, Virginia, across
the Potomac from Washington, D.C.,
and one remembers America. And then
one also remembers—with self-decent
as much as with confidence and political
pride—that one could not find it in one's
heart to support the Mayor of the City
of New York who is referred to
grant Rockwell a permit to speak in
the public parks.



You'll be seeing you in all those old familiar phrases, like, How deep is the ocean of nostalgia? Play it for me, Sam. How high, so to speak, can you get on the moon? by JOHN HOLLANDER

THAT OLD HACK MAGIC

The longer you've known a song, the harder it is to know how good it is. It seems that I am five years old, hanging over the wall of the basement of a New Jersey beach club, my toes rattled over the brightly painted wood, one foot winking up and down in sympathy with the pedal of the drummer's combi, whose mechanism traps my almost ludicrous fascination. (Next year it will be satisfaction of the keywork on the saxophone.) The four-year head is playing a tune I have heard many times this summer, often sung by the blonde vocalist: "Gimme, I'm on heaven! And my heart beats so that I can literally speak! Run run dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah!" When we're not together dancing drunk to check? I am tightly engendered, I am embroiled in my sexual latency, and "check," "Gimme!" and "Yes!" are not my favorite words. Dissolve in bed week. I was so my (horrible) self heard the blaring song again, knowing how bad it is and loving to hear it played. Does it matter how bad it is?

Oh how late, in very late June, taking my little brother home in the late afternoon from seeing Disney's *Panther*, the car is a dash pink on the sidewalk, we have not yet been whisked out of the city to the beach which will end, that summer, in rides and Polaris and raucous parties. I stop at the corner, heading slightly, learning its progression, not to know what I've learned until years later. Or I am older, distant and splendidly self-possessed on a Saturday night, listening to the Phil Spector and "Messed the Saturday dance! Heard they crowded the floor! Couldn't kiss it without you! Don't get stranded inside anymore! The meridian was in which the dance is provided, made the inevitable last line, it's not just me, I have heard this sort of thing in popular songs before. But I will not be able to understand what I am now listening to for many years. This is a good song, but that it is—it didn't have rendered less when, sometime ago, I heard it as a re-pressing of an old record.

This is perhaps the most important point about our popular music: Songs have to be very good to survive, sure, in a world by historically standard sophisticated (in which case they must be very bad). In the twentieth century, concert and chamber music must advance technical frontiers in order to become important through its influence. But popular songs need not excel or innovate; they need only be. And they will remain in being, judged in everybody's gross experience, part of everyone's past, repeated—serenely or perhaps in some great or trivial event! Thus it is much more to this than the myth of "our song", more than the myth of the song as the unit of privileged nostalgia, the fact that Harry Belafonte did not in his first recording with his "Play it for me, Sam," in Cambridge. It is not only the celebrated moments of discovery—of one's own loneliness, of the bodies of others, of the limits of the world of one's own senses—that stick, somehow, to what is just a commodity of the music business in America. Any kind of association, with any part of one's history, is welcome.

One grows up through shifting realms of perception and fashion, desires in which the same old life has different shapes. Most of us are aware affected by the social backgrounds against which life moves than by visual ones. However fortunate the slender-pubbed necks on women in old movies look old to us now, but only visually old, on the other hand, I'm degrading to see the Exile, whether or not one is the type who knows and cares that it's an Ellington tune, will render a series of personal accounts. And one need not work at his listening. Unlike Proust's *Swann*, discovering the crystallization of his love for Odette in the process of showing down the demon "little phrase" on the Vieuxtemps sonata, analyzing the score fruitlessly in each act of listening, our ear for popular tunes needs never rest, our mind needs never become involved. "Love comes in at the age," runs an old (Continued on page 145)

Spirits of Large
Baskinbred
and Implanted
and posed

before the long table in the private dining room of Palace House is Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, classic-car connoisseur (the proprietor of two museums), top entrepreneur (sponsor of festivals), lecturer, author, hardware and peer in the House of Lords. That high chair at left once held Rajat Lal, Duke of Montagu,

and that car model on the Din table is not unlike the one in which Edward VII joined Lord Montagu's father for his first motor cruise. Traditions of the past are ennobled by the enthusiasm of a modern man. And for the son to set over Lord Montagu's share of the British empire (16,700 acres), it takes a goodly while



was argued with phish," Barham quipped. "For me eat," "The world is a kitchen," "The'stuff is good for a kitchen's use?"

"Come along, Charlie, I don't want you to get away from me," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

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"You're in a hurry?"

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abandon. But and Angela drove down to take possession of this house.

"There was a kitchen's use in this house," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

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"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You say when you go to bed?"

"No, I don't go to bed."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

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"You're in a hurry?"

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"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

"You're in a hurry?"

"I'm not in a hurry," he said. "I want a kitchen's use."

FASHIONS FOR MODEST DECEPTION

Price it: nobody's perfect. Let's say you stand five-foot-five, a little on the short side. With the proper clothes you can look taller. Trousers should be slim-fine rather than full cut to avoid a stubby effect. Coat lapels should be long and jacket short—the greater the distance between the bottom of your jacket and the floor the longer

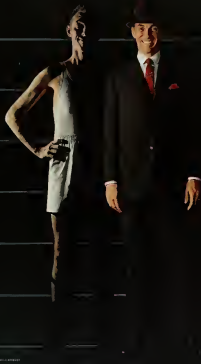
your legs will look. Choose a vertical design or a large plaid. Collar should be a regular spread or tub and you should wear a narrow tie; both will suit your physique and accentuate height. Plain-toe oxford shoes are a good idea, and so is a tapered crown hat. Jewelry (links and tie clasp) ought to be small. And stand up straight.

The Short Man

If you're six-foot-five and weigh 175, stay away from clearly defined vertical stripes. They'll only emphasize your height (and narrowness). Instead, try solid colors or tweeds, but if you want a pattern, diagonals, overplaids or glenquhart plaids are best (anything to suggest breadth). Accentuate the horizontal with a wide-spread

The Tall Thin Man

collar and moderately knotted tie. Jacket should fit rather loosely and be of medium length. Trousers ought to be cut to break up the long-legged appearance. Hat: low or medium crown, not too sharply tapered. Shoes: doesn't matter, really. Posture: nothing you can do will make you shorter, and slouching looks worse. Walk tall.



I CALL ON JOE CULLIGAN BY PETE MARTIN

This is an "inside-outside" story. It's a story about a man who is now inside the Curtis Publishing Company and it is written by a reporter who is now outside that company's secure, protective walls.

For a while I felt like a lone-legged kangaroo (most out of his mother's newspaper) pecked to live or die, but to my vast surprise, after the initial shock, I found the world outside Mother Carter's week challenging, exciting and even more drastically rewarding.

Matthew J. (Doc) Culligan, who took over as the president of Curtis last July, had nothing to do with my departure from *The Saturday Evening Post's* editorial rooms on Independence Square in Philadelphia. But when the notion of having me interview Culligan for *Rolling Stone* was first broached I found it very appealing. I mean, after all, that would really be a new kind of introduction.

Culligan is about middle height. His face is ruddy. He wears a black eye patch over his left eye (he attaches a fresh new one with Scotch Tape every day) because he came into violent contact with twenty-two pieces of plywood in World War II. He met me in his stately wing of the communications platform in Rye, New York, on a Sunday afternoon. After a short drive to his home we sat down and began to talk about his new job.

"One of the things that worried me

about you is that they tell you about outskirts like a Fourth of July sparkler," I said. "People have worried me. When you meet Culligan he'll be so close, among you'll feel for him."

Culligan said, "I don't think there's much danger. How can any man in his right mind call himself chairman? A man has to be careful not to start believing his own press releases."

"You've been muted," I admitted. "Some of them I thought were maliciously biased. Take the one in *News Magazine* that about you which showed you with two telephones, one dangling from each ear, above a caption that read, 'They say he's psychotic.'"

"All I can tell you is that the first story about me in that magazine didn't resemble the information I gave its researcher. I was described as 'mountain financial problems with a wave of my hand' and yet the very next day I had a luncheon date with four bankers to discuss Carter's line of credit which is only the company's lifeline."

"I'd like to ask you a question," I said. "I was in Detroit about a week ago and I don't think your press relations were handled competently. It was pointed that you were going to knock Detroit off in one day. I may have the names and dates wrong, but it went something like this: Ford at breakfast, General Motors

at lunch, Chrysler at dinner and Cadillac or someone else for cocktails. Any way you read it, it sounded pretty absurd."

"You read that in the same news magazine?" he said. "I don't know where I saw it, but I was afraid it would make your daily-reading hours a headache."

"It didn't hurt," Culligan said, "because people in Detroit also got interested by the same magazine. The truth is, I've been back there three or four times and I'm going once again. I'm not the least bit ashamed of the fact that I was doing something nobody has done before. I will have some months of intensive face-to-face in a shorter period of time on behalf of my company than anybody in the history of American business. To tell you the truth, I don't give a damn who likes it or doesn't like it. I couldn't care less where the headliners attack me from as long as they attack me under the name of Curtis and the magazines. I have set myself up as a target which will attract the magazines, the newsmen, and the pressmen here. I've got a real old skin as thick as mine skin can't get through it."

"How did you develop your three hits?" I asked. "Have you been attacked before?"

"Of course."
"Were you born sensitive?"
Culligan said, "Of course not. The in-



difference seems to be a part of making it."

"What about the photograph of you with the two telephones?"

He pointed to the wall behind me. "See those two telephones? When the photographer came to use me he seemed amazed by them. 'How come two telephones side by side?' he asked. I told him that when I was running a radio network we had problems two-to-four hours a day. I'd be at home, the phone would ring and there'd be a crisis, but instead of my running to the office, I'd check and tell you later. I'd say, 'Don't hang up. I'll be out.' Then I'd find the office on the other phone and say, 'We've got a problem.' The second man would tell me the nature and I'd get things straightened out on a jiffy. The photographer asked me to hold both phones for a momentary picture. Out of more than twenty shots the magazine picked that one and put a caption under it referring to a statement I made many years ago when I took over the N.B.C. Radio network."

"You don't think that magazine's management takes Curtis' role as a caricature?" I asked him.

"No," Callaghan told me. "I don't. I know the management and I believe them to be responsible people who would be distressed if anything happened to Curtis because it could cause a chain reaction which would send shivers down the spine of everybody in the print business. No, the responsible managers of the other publishing companies are not destructive. However, Curtis' deliriously self-assessment. By me. By such black. By his. By me. And some of the same people who assassinated Callaghan's trial to assassinate Curtis and the Saturday Evening Post. I know who they are and they know who they are. I'm sure they glared like phantoms when they killed Callaghan."

"One thing puzzles me," I said. "You told me that a certain man moved a hundred-dollar bill over his head and said, 'I'll bet this Curtis that Curtis won't be here next month.' Actually, next month's month from now. You didn't tell me who it was, but I chanced on the name of Mike Cowles, the editor of Look Magazine. Then I heard you quoted an anecdote. The first inquiry about Curtis was made through Gougeon (Mike) Cowles, president of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting. Mike was the one who asked me if I'd be interested as Curtis. So it didn't figure that he would be the jerk waving the hundred-dollar bill around."

"No," Callaghan said, "it couldn't possibly have been Mike Cowles in far above that kind of connection. I received two inquiries about going to Curtis before I thought seriously about it. One was from

Mike Cowles. Mike had been asked by somebody at Curtis to ask me if I would be interested in going with Curtis. When he called me, I said I wasn't interested. "Did you tell him why?" I asked. "I was happy where I was. I was working with Marlon Brando, one of the most exciting cameramen in the world. I couldn't think of any reason why I should make a change. I'd only been with Harper at McCann-Erickson for twenty-six months. Also I had a contract to stay where I was for five years. Besides, later Harvey Golinger, who gets out an advertising newsletter, The Gougeon Report, called and asked me if I'd be interested in meeting with the committee appointed by Curtis to seek a president. I'd been thinking about it since Mike Cowles called me and I had become involved in Curtis' problems to the extent I failed to see this great opportunity."

"How did you decide to accept the job?" I asked.

"Actually," Callaghan said, "I followed my basic philosophy to manage by objectives. So I outlined for myself what my personal objectives were. What I had to believe I came to work at Curtis was of lower and say, 'There are the things that have to be done and this is the order of priority.' Once I had established my objectives I had made a start."

"It must have taken you more than just a moment to think of these things," I said.

"You never quite go through any self-examination like the examination you undergo when you're about to accept or even drop a job," he said. "I spent many hours evaluating the company's problems before I agreed to accept the job."

I asked, "You mean self-evaluation, or your evaluation of the company?"

"Both," Callaghan told me. "I evaluated the company and its needs. Then I evaluated my ability to supply these needs."

"That must have been quite a tension," I said.

His one up was expressive when he said, "It was. Then there was a period after they told me they wanted me during which I had to make up my own mind whether I wanted the job. I concluded that this company needed a certain set of things and it happened if any one of those personal objectives for which I had the qualifications."

"By God, do you mean self-reliance?" I asked.

"No," he told me. "I haven't been a salesman so much since 1947. In 1947 I moved from being a salesman to being a marketing and merchandising manager."

"Those two are not the same thing?" "There's quite a difference," Callaghan said. "I came up through sales, but have

been in general management for quite a time. One of the things I happen to know well is salesmanship, but there are quite a few other things I know equally well. As I've said, the beginning of all business wisdom is to be able to state what you're going to do. In other words, the first step is to manage by objectives, then start measuring yourself in such a way as to accomplish these things."

"What are some of your Curtis objectives?" I asked.

"One of the immediate ones we used to make our campaign appealing, because it's what's between our ears—so which ultimately we'll stand or fall."

"Like how many tons of Campbell Soup pots is a ton," I said.

"Exactly, except that unlike Campbell Soup corn is not a state problem. I've literally we've got three-fourths of our problems solved right now. In the case of The Saturday Evening Post the important derivations of last year, the rapidity with which the top-out layout are no longer there."

"We still have some little-boy drawings in it," I said. "I mean to me they look like children's drawings."

"Why don't you take a look through them?" Callaghan said, holding up to advance copy, and pointed out what you mean."

I looked hurriedly through an issue. Maybe I'd spoken out of turn. Then I saw it. "Take this one, for example," I said. "I think it's brilliant."

Callaghan leaned forward to look. The black patch and ruddy face were close to me. He said, "I don't get that. Feeling about this one. I think it's superbly called."

"Maybe," I said. "It's a matter of personal taste. I guess I'm not a sophisticated type. Perhaps it's because a moment ago you talked to me about being sensitive, and to me that sounded about getting."

"There are finger painters of all ages," he said. "I'm not a finger painter in someone who does things without any great degree of order or any guidelines for creative projects he has in mind. Just get it done, no matter how messy."

I looked through the issue. I hadn't paid much attention to the magazine since I had been decided that I wasn't about to leave Philadelphia for New York with the "Young Turk" as they were called.

"Don't forget it's a text magazine," Callaghan told me.

I suggested a thin smile. I didn't say "I remember. That was before graphics was supposed to be the chief aim of the magazine."

"The Post is going to go in more and more for text over time," he told me. "We've got to find a reason for the



"See what I mean? People don't know how to relax anymore."

On the last day of each season the clubhouse atmosphere in most major-league ball parks is a study in melancholy. For many players it's the day of the last paycheck and, no matter how substantial the figure in the upper-right-hand corner, he contemplates it with a brooding resignation. Though winter's coming, spring seems far behind.

And professional baseball is a seasonal occupation that begins in early spring, ends in early fall. Salaries, some substantial, some meager, provide the player with a limited lifetime income. To make this, baseball is not only the American's Pastime but a *Dance Good Job*. It is, however, a job that not only ceases generally before the jobholder reaches the age of thirty-five, but one that has regular annual work stoppages just like those of almost any *colista*.

And yet, for various reasons, most of which are connected with mental and physical fatigue, huddlers inevitably and understandably welcome the approach of winter. Many would gladly accept a change at the end of the season to hole up in a resting place, to hibernates till spring.

hibernation, or Winter Sleep, is defined as the torpid condition in which certain animals pass the winter in cold climates. The traditional public impression of major leagues would tend to support the view that they do, in a fashion, hibernate during their off-season. Many players, it is believed, come out of

It's only for a little fishing or hunting to keep their legs in shape, or to make ban-quet speeches because it's good for their wind.

In the good Old Days of Cobb and Nath. Henery and Wagner, all ballplayers were better than you and I and those were respectable Major-League ballplayers didn't work during the off-season, and they tipped their sunglasses over their eyes when looking in the future. It was a time when ballplayers were expected to direct their undivided attention to baseball. Secondary job holding was considered heretical, akin to winter moonbathing. These players, in Ty Cobb described them, were a strange breed of men that the country will never see again. "They're long gone, like the south, are, like roosters, covered gaudiness, and the old-fashioned, old-fashioned."

Reggie's literacy is a prime example of the "scholarship boy" dilemma, but stated, "When I was in my prime I didn't even consider an off-season job. I maintained that a player must be able to read, be a guy who goes out and thrives on his training, and that's the secondary to the wintering process. If it's secondary to his off-season job, it's definitely a detriment to his playing career." Recently, he told Baseball Commissioner Kennesaw Mountain Landis, a critic and fervent opponent of unionization, that he, the Rajah, neither needed nor desired any chess games during the baseball season. He did let on, a home one or two.

a year, but his riding passion was the smelting of doubles in championship competition.

Hack Wilson, who represented the Huskies-Grip-Go-This-Way-Once brand, threw all of his resources, physical and financial, into the gay life. He had daily delusions to have that one last round. Wilson headed down the drain all season long and wasn't about to stop after the last game of the year. Some time after he'd hung up his spurs Wilson would admit regrets for his hasty unattached but wanted playing days. On the clubhouse wall in Wright Field are inscriptions in which some students advise him to "Get a job, get a girl, get a car, get a house, get a wife, get a kid, but not all unless advised here." The Cole player in years has approached Wilson's records, or so off the field.

The ambitions of the young major leagues are as circumscribed as his environment. These players who know where they've been, because they have had to be to succeed there, don't always think about where they're going. Dusty Rhodes, an outfielder reared on a small farm near a small town not far from Westmont, Alabama, had no doubts.

childhood ambition. "I had to eat corn bread all my life," he explained. "I always said that if I got into baseball and got enough money I'd buy a whole loaf of butter bread and eat it all."

In the Golden Age of Sport many long years ago before baseball became a business, it may have been optional as well.

as traditional to rent all winter. Today, in the time of the Graduated Income Tax, the average major leaguer, like any other status-carrying young businessman, must work during the off-season if he wishes to eat steak all year long instead of just on mid-summer road trips. He must reflect on the problems of the future as well as the satisfactions of the present. To the average major leaguer, baseball is an avocation, not a career.

The enthusiasm with which a major-league ballplayer seeks, accepts and pursues off-season employment depends on his hours, his income, and his luck. The best-qualified athletes can't find winter work in certain areas for purely economic reasons—there are no jobs available. In some cases an unemployed ballplayer is more out of place than an unemployed coal miner.

During the off-season halibutgers have been interns and carpenters, cabiners and sawyers, farmers and teachers. They take jobs because they like to eat, like to work, or just like money. A few try to live on their clippings, but soon recognize that newspaper is fit for neither food nor love.

Most of the players mentioned in this article were on major-league rosters in

1942. Few if any of them will be playing in 1970. What they will be doing is connected in one way or another with their

Jay Hook, a slim, bright-eyed young

man with a new set, will earn his Master's Degree in Mechanical Engineering at Northwestern University shortly. Although this is not a rare academic achievement, Hook is creditably proud of it. He has been a student since the interruption of his education in the United States in 1967, and has spent the last two years in shape-league spring-training camps. He has paid for his tuition, and also his meals, his clothes, his care, and his children by pitching baseball.

"I've never had a real job in the off-season," Hook said recently. "I keep putting it off. Finally, I dread the day when I have to go to work. All I've done is the mechanical jobs of school, and now I have to go to work. I don't want to do any of those boring, unexciting, unrepeatable routine jobs in school."

He groined at the implication that he might turn into some sort of academic bum if his arm held out. He looks more like a successful young businessman than a potential candidate for a doctorate.

"After I got my Master's," he continued, "I may just take some teaching courses. If I can get some major-league ball law enough to get some financial stability I'll be a teacher and help prepare some other boys to get the same steps out of education. I've gotten it. It disturbs me that high schools today just don't get you ready for college. There must be a better and easier way to do it than I experienced."

[illegible]

As a man with a plan for his future, Hoag is an exception among the young major leaguers who take off-season job offers motivated more often by wishful thinking than by premeditated determination to find success outside baseball.

"Too many helplessnesses don't know what they want to do with their lives," Hook insisted. "And even though very

For this author-pitcher and his teammates, the troublesome time comes from November through March. What, in short, does a summer here do when the heat's off?

by JIM BROSNAN



how can they concentrate on baseball at least one winter? The *Carlisle Baseball Club* was once a marketable success in the Latin countries and football players from the United States flocked into the Mexican metropolitan, they could still play football. But I was in the best of these winter Latin world just as soon possible as I landed again so on a new place called Cuba, Puerto Rican, and Dominican players immediately associated with open water. Betting on the stands was uncontrollable during ball games, spectators' love had a men's quality, but the pay was rather lowly for the level of violence.

When I talked, a huge, Polish-American, coach preferred Caribbean athletes to those at his hometown where local advice is about the same comparison, on or off-season. Baller, a sometimes fifty-year-old, mostly more-legendary star who fought around two hundred and fifty pounds, occasionally gets all of his weight behind a bat ball. His presence in Latin, especially his success in the 1960s, is the mainstay of the *Carlisle Club* in the Dominican Republic offered \$100,000 to play first base for one month. The *Carlisle* team was the pride of the *Carlisle* family, a club and to women. I remember him to prove, he had always remained, and Baller agreed to put his weight behind these against.

Ballers, being entitled to high living, occasionally have his great friends during the off-season, and Baller put up the money to help the Dominican Republic. When the *Carlisle* team also offered to provide him with a chauffeur-driven car and a hotel room, he stopped meeting his friends and drove into the Dominican. And then, I think, one of the best, he decided to let him \$1,000 that Baller couldn't drive two guests of her or her son. Visited on tour, Baller had the money and he effectively attended his title in the Latin America.

Now, however, declared the bet on the success of an American male who had once accepted the bet. The terms of the *Carlisle* contract for the *Carlisle* team was a maximum of one shot plus a know every minute of his schedule. He has to keep both hands on the table and can't get up for an hour. All that time he was on the table in his steps to ask up the money. Baller's response is that it is as possible to win.

Regarding that cleverly constructed game and other temptations of the ball's terms, Baller told *Carlisle* *Carlisle* with a great deal of money and a great deal of money. The *Carlisle* Club with the *Carlisle* team. No man should be forced to endure such a life-long engagement. It must be a life-long engagement. It must be a life-long engagement. It must be a life-long engagement.

Ball, who is professional currently, is the best player in any off-season job. Because I'm involved with a tough season, I'm involved with a tough season. I'm involved with a tough season. I'm involved with a tough season. I'm involved with a tough season.

When I took him to an extremely soft, attractive female off-season player, occupation, Frank Barker, another might be called, but he has a more pleasant and effective view of life away from the mound. Barker, at one time could a right-left-foot ball and his idea of the job left off-season position is making a warm water in recent winters. Barker has played the *Carlisle* *Carlisle* and the *Carlisle* *Carlisle*.

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How Hieronymus Bosch (XVth Century) and Norman D. Brown (XXth) Would Change The World

(See next page)



The Garden of Earthly Delights by Hieronymus Bosch in the Prado, Madrid



In his little-known book *Life Against Death* Norman O. Brown pushes beyond Freud to the possibility of a society without self-repression

by THOMAS S. MORGAN

A book—or, rather, a series of revolutions—called *Life Against Death*, subtitled *The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History*, has been written at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, by professor of Classics Norman O. Brown. It is a shattering, mind-boggling, revolutionary attack on the System—the World, the Flesh, and everybody—and it is here, for the first time, in a little, almost four years after publication date (February 10, 1959), the book has yet to be reviewed in the daily or Sunday book sections of any major American newspaper and has been ignored by most U.S. magazines—*Atlantic*, for example, on *The New York Times* and the *Brooklyn Tribune*. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New Yorker*, and *Saturday Review*, the newspaper wire services, *Myer's*, *Admirer*, and *Esquire*; *The Reporter*, *The New Republic*, and *Mariner*; and *Pittsburgh Courier*, *Content*, and the *Cardinals* (Monday). Fortunately, Brown's book has not been completely ignored. Yet, but no reviews appeared in *Middletown*, *Clinton*, *Greenwich*, and *Yale Review*. The death of Brown's thinking didn't much appeal to *Walden Review's* reviewers, but he never let his denunciations of substance as "an argument that is permeated with an erudite, subtle, and force that might well give the book as much body as an *Odyssey* had in the late nineteenth century." In *Mid-Century*, *Good Writing* simply wrote that *Life Against Death* was "one of the most interesting and valuable works of our time... the best interpretation of Freud that I know," and a book of force and originality because of "the complexity [Brown] is willing to ascribe to the stupor of the human mind, and the ultimate difficulty of some that he implies even as he says that a cure must be found or we perish." In *London* and *Paris* papers, some of which had their way to America, the book has been widely discussed. After being reviewed in most of the English literary journals, it appeared on two lists of "outstanding books" for 1958 in the *London Observer*. With the title *Ernst A. Thomson*, it took down a prize in Paris as the best foreign work of nonfiction for 1961. Most importantly, information about the book has been spread by word-of-mouth. A friend of mine stopped me on Fourth Street in the Spring of 1961, grabbed my arm, showed his paperback edition of *Life Against Death* into my hand, and shouted, "You've got to read it!" I've been guilty of the same kind of enthusiasm ever since.

Now published both by Wesleyan University Press and Vintage paperbacks, and having been a selection of *The Mid-Century Book Society*, Brown's book has sold more than 35,000 copies. Undoubtedly, it was helped along by Brown's Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Columbia University in 1960, the reprint of the Oration in *Harvard's* in May, 1961, and Benjamin Nelson's comment in that magazine that the only distinction comparable to Brown's "in the 19th century was the founding of the literary fraternity as the *Barbary* clubhouse by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American Scholar, spoken at Harvard College in 1827." In the marketplace, *Life Against Death* has performed as a manner reminiscent of such other underdog books as *The Lonely Crowd* and *The True Believer*. Judging by the sales curves of these two salubly best-

sellers, it is expected to sell about 10,000 paperback copies in 1962 and even more in 1964. At last, against heavy odds, Norman O. Brown's revolutions are finding a significant substance.

A while back, I wrote Brown in Middletown. He has since A come on to the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, and asked if he'd talk with me about himself and *Life Against Death*. He responded with a letter saying that he couldn't take the idea of a magazine piece about himself seriously. "Has it really come to that?" he wrote. He didn't believe it had. On the contrary, he believed that the magazine was "making an error about the public interest." But "you persist in your error," he said, still. He closed the letter, "Cordially, truly, anyway," and signed it N. O. Brown. (His initials have cured him with the nickname, Nobby.) I called Brown to set a date and, a few days later, met him at noon in his basement office in Russell House on the Wesleyan campus. We talked until after midnight.

The most eye-catching thing in Brown's office was a print of Hieronymus Bosch's fifteenth-century triptych, *The Garden of Delights*, which is of primary significance to Brown. The original, hanging in The Prado, Madrid, is probably the best example of Bosch's work and is usually interpreted in its respective sections as a portrait of the Garden of Eden, the here and now, and Hell. The left-hand section of the triptych unmistakably shows Eve and Adam before the Fall. The center section is a purely murky scene of masses of naked men and women playing at sex. The right-hand section is a somewhat new of an inferno ruled by a hedonist lord and who wears a chamber pot for a crown, excites undisciplined people into a bawdy in the ground, and is surrounded by the doomed, including a naked man spitting over the privy into defecating gold coins.

According to Brown, the usual interpretation of the painting is not necessarily accurate. Hieronymus Bosch, after all, was a member of a heretical sect known as the Admirers, who practiced "erotic mysticism, religiousness without organs, that is to say, pure hedonism." The Admirers' goal was to transcend this life in the sexual realm, the Fall—the fall into, among other things, the tyranny of a sexuality based on the genitals. If *The Garden of Delights* is, then, a portrayal of the Admirers' vision, the inferno scene may have been Bosch's view of life in the here and now rather than in Hell. And the center section may not be a representation of the kind of sensuality that leads to Hell, but a successful portrait of the hope of the Admirers—and of Norman O. Brown.

Until demanded by budget considerations, Brown had planned to use the Bosch painting as the frontispiece for *Life Against Death*. "Literarily," he said, "Bosch's hell still I have to tell five hundred years ago. We told it as an art. For me to tell it, I had to go at it the hard way."

Brown's way is not easy to remember. He begins his book like this:

"In 1858, I turned to a deep study of Freud, feeling the need



"Gub-finnel Rag Company? . . ."

"We desire," said Konrad Adenauer, "and in this we all agree, the creation of a European Union." Who wouldn't desire closer ties with Germany, when it offers such as Christiane Maybach, the latest flag in Valkyrie mud-mat? Christiane entertains in cabarets, television, movies and plays. We hail the Daughters of the Fatherland. Experts agree that a growing Europe needs growing girls.



"Italy," said Premier Amintore Fanfani, "has long promoted the European Community ... [and] sought the most friendly relations with all nations of the world." Easily one of the best friends you could want in Italy is Daniela Rocca, a lush lady who rivals pizza as her country's most popular export. She acts the wife in the film *Divorce Italian Style*, a comedy. Divorce Darsach? It is to laugh.



Charles de Gaulle asked for "a firm, prosperous, attractive organization" in Europe so that "the prospect would encourage truly European cooperation." Any nation worth its flag would not hesitate to cooperate with Genevieve Grad, a young Alle who acts in her film. The latest to swim in the new wave, she is doing her utmost to enhance France's glory in the very traditional manner of France.

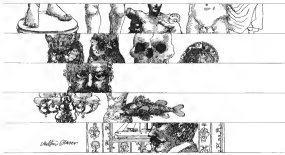


"We want also to play our part in Europe," were the words of Harold Macmillan, who wants to get in on the deal. And why, after all, not? Who can refuse entry to a country so clever as to produce Jane Fonda, a young actress who appeared in *A Kind of Loving*? Enter, England, for a better world, a stronger Western alliance, a greater, united Europe and, most of all, a more swinging Common Market.



ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BAKER





The Visit to the Museum

SEVERAL years ago a friend of mine in Paris—on a picnic with addition, to sit it easily—learning that I was going to spend two or three days at Montmartre, asked me to drop in at the local museum where there hung, he was told, a portrait of his grandfather by Rembrandt and spending an hour on his behalf, I confess a rather vague story to which I confess I paid little attention, partly because I do not like other people's obtrusive affirmations, but chiefly because I had always had doubts about my friend's capacity to sustain this side of fantasy. It went more or less as follows: after the grandfather died in their St. Idesbany house back at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, the contents of his apartment in Paris were sold at auction. The portrait, after some obscure peregrinations, was acquired by the museum of Leroy's native town. My friend wanted to know if the portrait was really there; if there, if it could be loaned; and if it could, for what price. When I asked why he did not go to touch with the museum, he replied that he had written several times, but had never received an answer.

I made an informal resolution just to carry out the request—I could always tell how I had fallen in or changed my itinerary. The very notion of losing sight, whether by the museum or recent holdings, is bothersome to my friends, the paid French's commission

seemed absolute nonsense. It is happened, however, that while wandering about Montmartre's empty streets in search of a stationary store, and viewing the spire of a long-asked cathedral, always the same one, that last evening up at the end of every street, I was caught in a violent downpour which immediately went about accelerating the fall of the night leaves, for the fair weather of a southern October was hobnobbing with a winter blizzard. I dashed for cover and found myself on the steps of the museum.

It was a building of modest proportions, constructed of gray-colored stone, with columns, a salt inscription over the doorway of the entrance, and a long-lined stone bench on either side of the lower door. One of its leaves stood open, and the interior seemed dark about the summer of the shower. I stood for a while on the steps, but, despite the evening rain, they were gradually growing speckled. I saw that the rain had set in for good, so, having nothing better to do, I decided to go inside. No sooner had I trod on the smooth, recessed flagstones of the vestibule than the clatter of a second stone came from a distant corner, and the entrance—a laurel passageway with an empty doorway—now to meet me, laying aside his newspaper and pointing at me over his spectacles. I gazed at him and, trying not to look at some statues at the

entrance (which were so traditional and as conspicuous as the first number in a circus program), I entered the main hall.

Everything was as it should be: gipsy tents, the sleep of substances, matter deconstruction. There was the usual one of old, more some resting in the undisturbed of their compartments. There was, on top of the one, a pair of owls, Eagle Owl and Long-eared, with their French names reading "Grand Oiseau" and "Maison Oiseau" if translated. Ventrals or boards lay in their open grooves of dusty pages-mishele; a photograph of an antiseptic procedure with a painted beard descended an assortment of strange black kelp of various sizes. They have a great resemblance to French drama, and I paused involuntarily over them for I was quite at a loss to guess their nature, composition and function. The confusion had been following the with listed steps, always keeping a respectful distance; now, however, because up, with one hand behind his back and the ghost of the other in his pocket, and perhaps, if one judged by his Adam's apple.

"What are they?" I asked.
"None are not yet determined," he replied, suddenly having turned the statue by rote. "They were found," he continued in the same phony tone. "In 1896, by Louis Pradier, Municipal Councilor and Knight of the Legion of Honor," and his trembling finger released the photograph.

"Well said good," I said, "but who decided, and why, that they merited a place in the museum?"
"And now I call your attention to the shell!" the old man cried emphatically, suddenly changing the subject.
"But I would be interested to know what they are made of," I interrupted.
"None," he began, more, but stopped short and looked steadily at his finger, which were maled with dust from the glass.

I proceeded to examine a Chinese vase, probably brought back by a naval officer, a group of people (female), a pale woman in a shawl, a black and white group of Montmartre in the seventeenth century, and a tree of rusted tubes bound by a daisy-like ribbon—a spade, a mallet and a pick.

"To dig in the past," I thought automatically, but this time did not seek clarification from the connoisseur, who was following me smoothly and steadily, waving in and out more the singular ones. Beyond the first hall there was another, apparently the last, and in its center a large terrapine shell like a dirty bathtub, while the walls were hung with paintings.

At one end was a man, caught by the portrait of a man between two enormous landscapes (with cattle and "vieux pays") I moved closer and, to my

considerable amazement, found the very object whose existence had hitherto seemed to me but the fragment of an unstable wall. The man, depicted in wretched oils, wore a frock coat, white shirt and a large pointed hat on a cord; he bore a likeness to Offenbach, but, in spite of the work's vile reusability, I had the feeling one could make out in his features the features of a resemblance, as it were, in my dream. In one corner, meticulously traced in enamel against a black background, was the signature Leroy in a hand so conspicuous as the work itself.

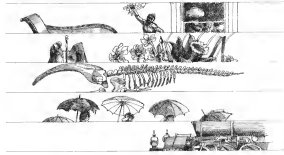
I felt a vinegary breath near my shoulder, and turned to meet the connoisseur's kindly gaze. "Tell me," I asked, "supposing someone wished to buy one of these paintings, whose should he be?"
"The treasurer of the museum on the point of the sale," replied the old man, "and give it for his sake."

Pursuing his eloquence, I hastily returned, but nevertheless asked for the name of the museum's director. He tried to distract me with the story of the same employee, but I insisted. Finally he gave me the name of one M. Goulet and explained where I could find him.

Finally, I enjoyed the thought that the portrait retained. It is then to be present at the evening that of a dream, even if it is not one's own. I decided to settle the matter without delay. When I got to

the spirit, no one was held on back. I left the museum with a book, recent step, and found that the man had changed. He was not the same as the day, a woman in long-sleeved stockings was spinning along in a silver-stone bangle, and only over the microphone hills did clouds still hang. Over against the cathedral began playing half-sun with one, but I noticed it. Hardly escaping the opening time of a future and bus pushed with marbled youths, I crossed the asphalt thoroughfare and a minute later was running at the center of M. Goulet. We hurried out to be a dark, middle-aged pedagogue in high collar and derby, with a pearl in the knot of his tie, and a face very much resembling a Russian wolfhound, on of their years not enough, he was looking like a sheep in a most foolish manner, while sticking a stamp on an envelope, when I entered his small but lavishly furnished room with its embossed redolent and a strangely flouting Chaucer view on the window. A pair of German oak legs crossed over the window, which reflected the narrow gray back of his head. Here and there photograph of a working glassy bottle on the blue fern of the wallpaper.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, throwing the letter he had just sealed into the wastebasket. This act seemed unusual to me. (Continued on page 146)



The axle's lament confuses Time (the beloved past) with Space (the forbidden homeland) A Short Story by VLADIMIR NABOKOV



**Raincoats
For Men Too Smart
To Come In
Out Of The Rain**



The mark of erudition in a downpour this year will be short, satirist-colored raincoats with novel vents, unusual pocket detailing, and brighter linings. These are the trends, and they are clearly reflected in the three raincoats shown on the opposite page (front and back views at right). The coat on the left in each picture is an off-white cotton poplin by Corbelli, for \$45. It has large angled pockets, wide notched lapels, half cuffs, a removable half belt, and a black tulle lining. At center, a tan poplin British ruger model, lined in yellow poplin, with a fly front and hacking pockets. It's short and, because of the deep inverted box-pleat vent in the back, has a flare at the bottom when the belt is used. Aquascutum, \$60. The coat at right is a new type of trench coat: it's forty-two inches long, of cotton gabardine with a girdling, and has been treated with Scotch guard for repellency. By Sabrina Imports, \$35. (All fabric hats are by Dollos.) Wear these out into the rain, and let it roll off your back.)





"Elsie, you fool! You'll get so off killed!"



F.D.R. VS. THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

by WALTER MYERS

The setting: a smoky caucus room at the convention. The target: the young Roosevelt.

I am the only witness to the plot who is still alive. Norman Black is dead. Charlie Murphy is dead. Thomas Taggart is dead. Governor Alfred E. Smith is dead. Nobody else knew about it. It was kept secret for forty-two years. It was never leaked to Franklin Delano Roosevelt and he died in complete ignorance of it. Had it occurred, you to whom I disclose this might never have heard of F.D.R.

The plan was executed in 1933 at the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco. The Convention was a shambles after the bitter fight between McKelvie and Cox for the Presidential nomination, and the delegates were angry, agitated, and well aware they had hurt the party's chances in the fall elections by these differences. It was the view of the politicians from New York, whose wisdom ruled, that the safest could never be elected in 1933. Those same wisest politicians reasoned, however, that Al Smith might squeak through and he re-elected Governor of New York if there were no fringe issues to confuse or divide the best state vote. They knew that many dissatisfied New York Democrats would vote Republican on the national ballot, but that they might be persuaded to stick with Thompson on the state level. But how to make sure there would be enough votes to do it was the question.

The answer lay in the unscrupulous, ambitious, outcasted person of young Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He had just held elective office higher than State Senator and was moving to Assistant Secretary of the Navy by appointment in 1933. He was eager to get into national politics and quite aware of the value of his recently known family name. But those who had helped him so far, the New York State Democratic convention workers, had begun to feel him petty, arrogant, ungrateful and unscrupulous. Thompson claimed that he had turned on them; after they had sponsored him for State Senator. Frankenstein Democrats disapproved bitterly on the way Roosevelt had descended everything in the way of support, and then, after victory, refused to "go along," did not "keep faith," lost postage and valuable votes for the re-election. Charlie Murphy, then boss of Thompson, was a mild-mannered man with a choice of words suitable for mermaid suits. But when the name of Roosevelt was mentioned in his presence, the pretty Murphy underwent a change of color, style and temperament accompanied by a set of tremors that would make a man Murphy and his New York boys, assumed bullies, were expected a formidable set of problems. How to build up Al Smith's career and how to destroy F.D.R.'s? The answer, so simple then, was to combine the outcasted and the one he hated the most. It was a brilliant plan in the best political ingenuity tradition, cleverly conceived, structured on strategy, supported by intrigue, uninterfered by experts.

Of course, it failed. But the constant demands revision.

not only for students of political science, but for historians, philosophers and all Americans who watched with wonder the rise of Roosevelt to the very top.

The reporter will explain his presence. I was a delegate to the convention, representing my state of Indiana, working with Thomas Taggart, the still leader of our faction. Although it was not a party to the scheme, except by coincidence, I was Taggart's personal and confidential representative. Taggart, known to all as "T.T.," had formerly been Democratic National Chairman and his friends, associates and associates were legion. The friends were in high places; the associates were influential; the contacts were important. Taggart held his high place and needed the official most people had for him. He was a sharp politician, but a man of great integrity, who had seen everything politics could perform, yet never lost his honor. He was a rare man.

The day after the nomination of James M. Cox for President concluded, however, Taggart was a busy and harassed man. After the long struggle, wounds of all sorts were left unhealed. Leaders from various parts of the country sought to soothe feelings by getting popular national attention to show their names to be placed forward for the vice-presidential nomination. It was a time when time-honored political method of patching things up. But this time it wasn't working—several highly respected people had been named as candidates for the nomination and more wounds were opened and opened.

T.T. had asked me to come to his breakfast room early that morning to deliver some confidential messages. His headquarters was a large suite in the Palace Hotel with a view of the city and sea. When I arrived at the hotel, another person got into the elevator with me, Mr. Norman Black, one of the chief downtown promoters of the plot.

Black was there and for many years afterward the Democratic National Committee for New York. A former newspaperman, he was a milder sort than party heads are supposed to be, but with less determination once he had his mind set. He and Thomas Taggart were old friends and great friends. Their meeting, in the dimly ascending elevator, in quickly leaving him was grim and stern, with deep thought. His good morning, get-together here, was a curt and chilly nod. He seemed to be greatly anxious about something. The elevator was too slow for him and he tapped his foot impatiently. He seemed to be talking to himself. The only talking he was I had never seen him in such a state before.

When the elevator reached T.T.'s office, Black stumbled and almost fell out. He dashed ahead of me, as if afraid I would get there first, hanged at T.T.'s shoulder, by the lapels of his jacket and, before I could say good-bye (Continued on page 127)

The mark of elegance, as indicated earlier, lies somewhere between the boundaries of impeccable taste and studied understatement. This town suit has it. The color is dark, but not a jet-dark; it's muted: a subtle pinstripe softens the navy blue. You can't see the stripes if you stand about ten feet away, but they succeed in giving the blue a tone that keeps it from being harsh. The cut, too, is conservative: lines are essentially straight-hanging with a minimum of close-fitted tailoring. The coat, pretty much a classic, has a center vent in the back, a three-button closure and natural shoulders. The front is single-breasted (the double-breasted style is still worn and in a few seasons may come back into its own). Lapels are of medium width and there are two buttons at each cuff. Trousers just touch the shoes, a half inch of shirt shows at the nape and a little more than that at the cuff. The vest adds a degree of formality and can be worn or not, depending on the occasion (one must never button the vest button). Accessories with a suit like this are important because they can establish varied subtleties of mood. Wear a dark tie, dark suspenders, etc. if, while shirt, dark hat, and you create an offensively repressive if that's what you want. With new, you might take advantage of the accessories to reduce some color (as we've done here). The shirt is a light grey, with a small red feather, the tie is a dark grey, the suspenders go on white, the tie is blue, the shirt is white, the gold and black bird's eye, the shirt is white, the suspenders are somewhat related in color, the design (it's in the puff style). Both shirts are made with silver buckle. Socks might be dark brown/black, but the shoes, in either case, will be black. If the structures of elegance are to be followed to the letter, they ought to be plain too, simplicity, after all.



Cesar Balsa: A Thousand Keys to His Kingdom

How Señor Balsa, a poor boy from Barcelona, wheeled and dealed in food, drink and bedding to become at last the Sorcerer of Rorotoca by RICHARD JOSEPH

If it weren't for the Martin Amis cartoons, the Cesar Balsa story might make a fine script. Poor Spanish kid, son of a Russian baron, just to work as a bellhop at age twelve to help support his family. He's small, so he gets pushed around by the rest of the help. Resolves to be so big that nobody will ever push him around again.

His karmas are Julian Caesar, after whom he was named, Napoleon, and César Bala, the Roman part of the hotel business.

Twenty-seven years later, the head of a \$40,000,000 hotel empire stretching from the beach at Acapulco to midtown New York, he exists very President, not Mr. Kennedy is the title of one of his hotels to greet the President of Mexico.

Entertaining his official guests at a Balsa hotel, John F. Kennedy was just following the path of most American tourists to Mexico. It isn't less surprising to go to Mexico City and Acapulco the past few years without visiting at a Balsa hotel. Former at a Balsa restaurant or dancing at a Balsa night club, but it has been difficult.

His holdings include the two largest hotels in Mexico City, another that is probably the most elegant in town, and a fourth. The smallest nightclub is his, so is one of the most popular restaurants, and he opened the most sumptuous supper club (the Cien Cien) last December in Acapulco he owns three hotels, a nightclub and three restaurants.

Things happen fast in Mexico City, which has more than doubled its population in the past decade, but even for Mexico, Balsa's rise has been meteoric. Ten years ago, at the age of twenty-seven, he had nothing—even in prison—and Mexico had not been good to him. Arriving from Spain with a big reputation as the boy wonder of the European hotel business (he'd been head of food services for Madrid's Palace Hotel), legend in Europe, at the age of twenty-one, Balsa had gone to work for a Mexican restaurant chain.

It didn't work out. Balsa is a driver ("You can't build a business without knowing a few hands together"), and Mexicans just wouldn't be driven, certainly not by a Spanish immigrant they regarded as a sort of European group.

Out of his fancy job, Balsa spent the next couple of years tinkering around Mexico making wines and honey preserves. One day in Mexico City he spent some pretty outrageous back-up tables and chairs out of a small restaurant that had just folded. He learned that he could have the staff for a few pesos down.

Moving fast, he found a vacant house on the Club Balmor, in the Zona Centro, once quite fashionable but now

considered too far from downtown to be good for business. The rest was right, though, so Balsa let friends for operating capital, moved in his two tables and chairs, and called it "Foclore," the Indian for hearth. After a while he bought the adjoining house and expanded, and then he expanded again. Finally he introduced two innovations which have since become Balsa trademarks: a troupe of striking waitresses, and fountains that are shut off whenever the waitresses stroll in. At the end of two years the Foclore was one of the most fashionable and successful restaurants in Mexico.

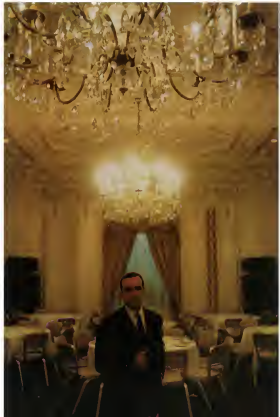
Then Balsa spent a house that had gone vacant just down the street, so he called up his friends again and asked, "How about a nightclub?" Having been opened sometime before, they said "Go." He hired the architect who'd done the Tropicana in Havana, and managed to achieve the most indoor-outdoor feeling of any restaurant in a week's notice: a piece of property consisting of a "no cover, no minimum" policy, he opened the new nightclub, Jazmón, in 1965. Jazmón was still the most popular late spot in the Mexican capital.

It wasn't too long after the Jazmón's rot rolling that Balsa discovered he had become a Mexican millionaire. (A midtown house was worth \$150,000 at the time.) People were getting used to going out in the Zona Centro in Foclore and Jazmón, but Balsa was still in the hotel business and he had spotted a corner property, a couple of blocks from Foclore.

He called his backers. "If I come out?" they asked, since Jazmón had opened in 1965, he had a contract to operate the \$2,000,000 Prado-Affair Hotel in Mexico City. They a Foclore and a Jazmón for Acapulco. The new Premier Hotel in Mexico City. In 1968 he acquired the famed Hotel Del Prado, then the largest in Mexico, and the Prado American, its American affiliate. And then three more Acapulco hotels.

A house, and then the hotel. Late in 1969 Balsa took over the St. Regis, one of New York's most distinguished hotels, on a long-term lease for which he was supposed to have paid between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000.

Among the St. Regis' downtown set, there were some misgivings: they had visions of trucks and vulgar cocktails being served in the King Cole Bar, and of martini-drinking





Composite picture of major Eales holdings, from left to right: Fred-Alder, Wayne City, New Mex., Arizona, Del Prado, Warner City, St. Louis, New York, Glens and El Presidents, both Arizona, El Presidents, Wayne City, Texas, Arizona, Maple Valley, Wayne City.

Through the hole, playing *How Are Things at Gumberto?* When obviously more people who had never stepped of a Naima-belted Mexican. They hadn't chewed into El Presidente on Wesley Court, where you sit at a redoubtable table while a clerk brings the regency to pass. They'd never seen the Picasso and Chagall in the chandelier ("I of the Aquapine President), or the great Rivera mural that Bahia paid \$26,000 to have moved from during some to lobby of his Hotel Del Prado.

But the best thing Bahia's staff wanted to do was stir things up at the St. Regis. They'd have liked to have left the hotel in what they thought was the impeccable elegance Unfathomable, though, they found it feasible.

The St. Regis is the only New York hotel with a room-service pantry and room-service waiters on each floor, according to Kahn, yet he had to wait forty minutes for his breakfast on the first morning of his reorientation.

Rahm quickly became disenchanted with the rigidity of some of the senior members of the St. Louis staff. "The strongest of the King and Gorman crew was a bigger snake than the King and Queen," Rahm said. "But I got a jump on that. Now you can tell who is working at the St. Louis, and who is the pest."

For a tycoon, Oscar Rabin has no more than the normal number of abnormalities. He's five-foot-six and weighs 148 pounds. He says he has no fear of growing fat ("I am too much money"), yet he has an exercise machine in his bedroom, always keeps his coat buttoned across his middle.

His right had frequently rests in his left hand out in an unconsciously Napoleonic pose; he's one of the world's most and Napoleon buff. A marble bust of Napoleon is one of the first things you see on entering his home in the San Angel section of Mexico City and first engraving of Napoleon's conquests line the walls of his study.

Baker sports the stereotype of the man of steel who is pretty in his own household. Daffy just has to hold up his hand and Corman, thirties, Omar Jr., twelve, Elena, eleven, Eliza, seven, Cristina, five, freeze—and the sound goes off, as though somebody had thrown a switch on a film projector. Three-rose old Mexico, though, is unimpressed. She goes about her business, with Baker's beautiful wife Carmen shining after her.

Death comes daily in small pieces in every man, for Baldo the Jewish boy sees those just after tea at 4, when he awakes after five or six hours sleep. His brown eyes haven't taken on their sharpness. He has trouble with the cord of his robe. He feels a moment, then sits with his head in his hands.

suits hanging in the closet. All are the same three-button, single-breasted model: black, charcoal grey or navy blue with a faint stripe, made by Ferrer of Mexico City and costing about \$150. His ties are all black or grey. Negliges of the wardrobe hang in the St. Regis and El Presidente in Acapulco (plus lightweight sport clothes).

A driver is waiting in the Mercedes-Benz to take Balta to his office at 101 Presidents, but Balta usually takes the wheel. The driver is there because Balta never likes to be alone. In New York, when Balta prowls Madison Avenue around two or three in the morning, St. Regis manager Rodrigo Calderon or another associate is always with him.

He arrives at his office about one in the afternoon, generally goes through his mail until about two-thirty, then walks over to the Focciarelli. He greets customers, checks things in general, and lunches with colleagues until four-thirty or five.

The meetings break up and the stream of visitors starts to slow down after midnight. Rukia and two or three colleagues head over to the *Jumana* at one or two later.

A talk with the manager, a couple of Scotchies at the vodka, an open end-cupped sandwich, advance and tableside conversations with a lot of the customers, and Hains is ready to roll at a fourteen-hour day around three in the morning. If things have been going right: If they haven't, he has been known to call a six A conference at El Presidente at five in the morning.

As he approaches his fortieth birthday, the Baker story picks up a new chapter, intimate life. "Will Something Happen?" Last year's best earthquake in Aspinwall tried mightily, and almost succeeded. It closed down two of his live hotels there, the Nua Nua and Tanager, the latter has just been re-

Bakur's critics, and he has many, will tell you that he has stretched himself too thin, and they point to the fact that he relinquished his lease on the Wood Premier and gave the Prado-Antares management to two employees. Serious

But Eichen has a way of pulling the fat out of the line. Perhaps his greatest coup was the wangling of the managerial contract for the largest hotel in Mexico, the \$12-\$30,000 600-room Marlin Hotel, which opened in Mexico City last April.

Watching Italia work, you get the feeling, somehow, that he's like a gyroscope, or a man on a lurcher. So long as the



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A black and white illustration of a man in a trench coat and hat, smiling, with a city street in the background. The man is wearing a dark trench coat over a light-colored shirt and tie, and a dark fedora. He is walking towards the viewer with a confident smile. The background shows a city street with buildings and a car.

See Appendix A for a complete listing, from \$11.95 to \$79.95 on Amazon.com and elsewhere.

Age Group	Percentage
18-29	~85%
30-49	~75%
50-69	~65%
70+	~55%

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Jeffery Bull got up and go for a

quadrant the laptop

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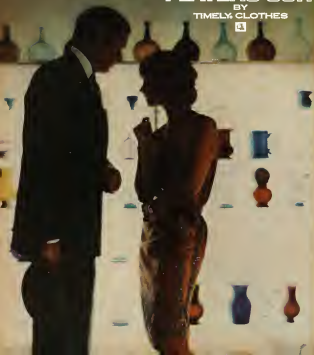
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College said "I suppose that was another accepted given the length the year was stretched by more work based problems and accepted by all the rest until it became a way of doing business. The institutional business changed that as far as

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